My Father William Denton Moulton.

It was in a humble home in Irchester, Northamptonshire, England that a baby boy came to bless the lives of Thomas Moulton and Sarah Denton on 17-July 1843, he was named William Denton.

Father, with his parents and three sisters Mary Ann, Charlotta, Sophia Elizabeth, and two brothers Joseph and James Heber, joined the church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints in England, in 1855.

The family left immediately for America. A baby boy was born on board the ship. " Thornton " , while it lay in dock in the English Channel, where they had hurried Grand-mother on board. The baby was named , Charles Alma and I have often heard Uncle Charles say, he didn't know what nationality he was.

After a six weeks trip by water, the family arrived in New York Harbor 14- June , 1856, and embarked by railroad for Winter Quarters. On 26- June 1856 they went from there to Iowa City. From there they came across the plains in a handcart company with James G. Willie as Captain, leaving on 15th -July 1856.

In this company were 120 handcarts , six wagons and 500 people, of which 66 died on the journey to Salt Lake City Utah.

The early approach of cold weather in Utah , awoke fears for the safty of the immigrants, and at once releif parties were sent out to meet them. Scores of brave men, taking wagons loads of clothing, bedding and provisions went to rescue their unfortunate fellows, struggling through deep snows and piercing winds along the Platte and the sweetwater. Among those that went out to meet the immigrants were several returned missionaries just home from Europe. Traveling west they, with others had overtaken and passed the delayed companies, and on arriving at Salt Lake had reported their condition to President Brigham Young, and then returned to help rescue them. This was all in 1856.

Cold weather set in and severe it was. One brother James Heber , had his fingers on his left hand [redacted] frozen to such an extent that it was necessary to amputate them when the company arrived in Salt Lake.

Nothing ever shook the faith or courage of this family in a desire to get to Utah. , They arrived in Salt Lake Valley Nov. 9- 1856, having experianced many hardships, fatigue, scanty food supplies and to see so many ( 66 ) buried on the way.

The roads were bad and supplies were getting very scarce , and had not President Brigham Young sent supplies and help, the entire company would have perished.

The family moved to Provo where they lived until the spring of [redacted] 1860 when they moved to [redacted] Heber Utah. There were only nine families when they [redacted] arrived in Heber. Three more sons were born , Denton in Provo, John Ephraim and George Franklin in Heber. This made a family of seven boys and three girls. They became one of the most influential families in the Valley.

After growing to manhood amid the struggles of pioneer life, Father became a member of the Black-Hawk Army, who so bravely protected the homes of their loved ones. Indians were becoming numerous and a great menace to the community, stealing their horses and cattle.

When Father was twenty-two years old he married Mary Lavina Lee, also a real pioneer, with courage and faith in the gospel, on 24- July 1866 by Joseph S. Murdock.

Three years later they went to the endowment house for their endowments, and to be sealed for time and all eternity. Soon after, Father left for Florence Nebraska to meet the immigrants. Many tribulations awaited these young teamsters, as you will see by the following items taken from letters he wrote to Mother while away.

These letters are over 74 years old, are written in inkand on the best of paper, and are in fine condition.

First letter,- Friday ,- 26- June,- 1868.
On the Muddy road.

We are camped 10 miles below Muddy. We are enjoying good health and have had a pretty lucky trip so far, with the exception of the Chack- Creek bridge swiming away . Don't know whether it was we bull-whackers ( teamsters ) that scared it away or not, but iix I do know it went away just as we get to it. We had the pleasure of seeing it go, and of seeing the Coalvi[illegible]ll-ites build another on Sunday, inatead of going to meeting.

We Had plenty of dust the first partof our trip, and the sun was hot enough to roast beef steak, if we had only had some to try it. Then after that , come a cold spell which ended in a big snowstorm 3 inches deep. You would have thought it was the 45th-day of december.

We caught up with the company on Tuesday at Cache Cave. We have a very good Captain, and 63 wagons. We are having flapjacks and molasses for a change. , for supper.

Sunday,- 28- June. Hams Fork 2 oclock P. M.

The sorrowful news came into camp last night that some teamsters that were with the train ahead of us , had drowned in Green River. The particulars of it hasn't come yet.

Monday,- June 29- 1868. Green River Wyoming.

We crossed Green River to day with our wagons on the ferry-boat. We have been swiming our cattle across all day, and h there is about one third of them to swim over tomorrow.

We have learned the particulars of yhose men that was drowned in Green River last Thursday. There were five from Sanpete and one from Cache Vally. They was ferrying their cattle and had the boat loaded. They ( the cattle ) crowded to one corner of the boat and sunk itand broke the tug- reap. There were two couples seen going down in each others arms. It has cast a sadness over us.

Wednesday , 15- July-1868, North Platte Nebraska.

We have enjoyed good health and strength since we left home, and we thank the Lord for it. We hope the ones at home are enjoying the same blessings. I wrote you a letter at Green River wyo. and one at Pacific Springs. We had a general wash day Monday , if you could have seen us do womans work you would have Had a good laugh at our awkwardness. I tried to do some mending , but was a good deal worse at that than I was at washing. I expect my cloths will need mending considerable before I get back, haveing to stay here so long. I would object to being a Bacheler ,if for

nothing more than having to wash and mend for myself. I am not home sick yet, but I would like to be home among those I love so dear.

I have been in rough places but I never was in as rough a one as the glorious town of Benton. If I were ask to be a judge I would say that they were a Godforsaken people, very near perfect in wickedness and corruption of this world. I long to see the time when we can bid them adieu and start for our peaceful homes in the West, though I believe the Lord is with us, to watch over and prosper us in well doing. It would not have been quite as bad for us if we could have worked for something to have bought some more clothes with, as wear these out. It is raining very fast to day, and looks like continueing.

I expect we will have to live on rather hard fare before we get back. If I had a good bowl of bread and milk 3 times a day I could get along until I get back. Don't send a letter to South Pass City, they charge 50¢ a letter for mailing. Father closes his letter with a verse,

Have you missed me at home? it would
Be an assurance most dear;
For to know at this moment
My loved one was saying,
I wish He was here.

Thursday, July 16 1868, North Platte, Nebraska.

Arrived at North Platte on July 11. All well. Are now camped five miles down the river below the railroad. Five of us boys and the Captain and assistant went up yesterday afternoon and had the pleasure of seeing the first railroad train cross the Platte Bridge. ,and of seeing them lay the rails across the bridge before the train came up. They are completeing the railroad at an average of about one mile and a half a day.

We are now living among what is called the Civilized World. There is a little town five miles from us, called Benton. It is made up of liqueur shops, gambling soloons and houses of illfame. They are not afraid for the folks to know it, for they put up their signs in plain sight, and in big letters. If this place is not Hell, it is just as near it as you can imagine.

Why they think no more of killing a man out here than you would think of killing a chicken at home. There is scarcely a night but what a man is killed. There was five killed last week. It is almost dangerous to be around them. A man must mined his own business and keep away from them as much as he can.

I get cross sometimes to think that we have to lay around thenso long, doing nothing, when there is so much to do at home, among those I love to be with. I realize that there is no place like home among the Mormons.

There has been some mismanagement this year, some where for we expect to have to wait here from 4 to 6 weeks yet, for t the immigrants.

They did not start from Liverpool until the 20 of June, to cross the sea in Sailing Vessels, which has no certainty how long it may take them to cross. They might come across in 4 weeks, or they might be 6 or 8 weeks.

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There are only twenty- four hundred ( 2,400 ) coming this season, which is about enough to lead 3 or 4 trains, and it happens to fall to our lot for to wait untill the last Immigrants arrive.

The other trains have got the privledge of loading up with freight, if they can get it ., but that is rather hard to get just now.

Unless some of the trains can get loaded up and started for home , we will have to move a good deal further down the Platte for feed, as the grass is scarce hereand there is over two-thousand ,( 2,000 )head of stock to feed on it.

The Platte country up here is a dry barren Mountainous country. We are about fifty ( 50 ) miles above the old Immigration route, where the Platte River comes out of the mountains.

Our cattle fmm belonging to our Vally are all looking well. We have some cattle from our vally that never done us any good acoming down, and I dont suppose they will acoming back. They were tender-footed before we got to Weber . ( in Utah ).

I had to let George Noaks have one yoke out of my team to bring his wagon down here .

There is a kind of disease among the cattle that kills them off in a half hour after we can see they are sick . There is 8 Or 10 head died with it in our train, but none of them belonging to our Valley.

Sunday, August 9- 1868. Holmans Camp.
North Platte, Nebraska.

I have enjoyed good health since I left home, and I thank the Lord for it. , for I realize that through Him we receive all our blessings.

We all feel a littlex downcast sometimes to think that we can't get any letters from you at home, to know how you are injoying yourself and wheather you have enjoyed yxmx good health since I left you. , but I am in hopes that I will be home in time to spend Christmas and New Years with you.

We are expecting to get our passengers in about a week, but we have been deceived so many times that we shall not believe we are going to start until we get half way home.

We could have been at home now if the Immigrants had been here ready when we first came down.

We have had the opportwity of seeing three ( 3 ) Companies of the immigrants and some of the teamsters has used itxp pretty well. It was not more than three hours after they get in camp before they were elbowing them around like old sparks. There was a dance got up for them , and they had quite a lively time.

I left camp this afternoon on horse back to a camp of immigrants, four miles of,to see the man that had charge of shipping the immigrants at Liverpool.

I read the names of all immigrants and found a few that had relitives in our place,

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Not as many as was expected. There was Howarth and Crook names. They all seem to think that we will be loaded with Denmarkers or wooden shoes.

Our Captain has given me the privledge of driving a commissary wagon. It is loaded with flour and ready to start whenever they say , go, and I hope it wont be long.

Monday, August — IO"— I868. North Platte, Neb.

I think we will be on our way inside of ten ( IO ) days. I don't care how soon we bid adieu to this, civilzed world , as they call it .

We have very little sickness in our camp, but Willard Carrol (~~myxmmxkx~~) has been very sick the last 5 days. I thought it was going very hard with him but I am glad to say that he took a change yesterday morning for the better. He is very week yet but is on the improve, and I think he will be able to get around by the time we have to start. He was took at first with a cramp , some thing like the Cholera Morbus. We got that worked of and then he took the diarhorea, which weakened him down until there was scarcely any thing of him left.

I would like to be at home with you, and I trust I shall before long.

There was one company left here Saturday, and two more will leave here tomorrow. There are several companies ahead of them , but they did not come this way.

There are two more trains to load before us, andthen comes our turn to take what the "Cobbler threw at his wife".

My Address now will be in care of Captain Holman,
Robinson Ferry, Green River, Wyoming.

Friday evening, August 2I"— I868. North Platte.

I am well at this time, and have been since I left you. We boys all feel cross to day, (I can assure you) about the news we have just heard about from our Captain.

He told us this morning that our immigrants would be here in the morning, ready to load up. But when he went up town today there was a telagram stateing that they left New York last night. It will take them ten days to get here to us, and then unless we have better luck than the rest of the trains have had, we will have to wait 4 or 5 days after they get here before their luggage comes, which will be two more weeks at least.

We have had time to go to Europe and preach the gospel to the gentiles ,and converted and baptisedthem ,and immigrated them here by this time. That is, if they weren't to hard to convert. But we could have gone to Florence Nebraska for them. We would have rather done it than to have staid here until this time. There is nothing that makes me feel so mean ,as laying rounddoing nothing like have been doing for the last 6 weeks.

I am getting so lazy, that I am afraid that I wont be able to earn a honest living ,when I get home.

We are going to move camp to morrow, to hunt feed for our animals and look out for winter-quarters. We expect to go about 25 miles from the road to find it.

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It will be one days travel. Oh if it was only towards home.

Tell Agnes Bagball that her father and mother and brother are all well and along with us, and that they will come in with our teams, at the same time that we will. Send me a letter to Robinson Ferry , Green River Wyo.

Monday Morning. August 31st- 1868. North Platte, Nebraska

I feel much better and happier than I did in my last letter . Our happiness comes from the news, that instead of waiting another ten days, our immigrants have arrived at last , and there are signs of us being enabled to bid adieu to this lonesome and forsaken country, and to return to those we love in our Mountain Homes.

We have about 700 Danish in our Company, and they are the best looking Danes that ever left Denmark. Our camp looks like a young Denmark, and not to young at that.

William Lindsay and George Noaks are loaded with Danes.I had a load of flour ,but it took 700 pounds to make the first two weeks rations for them, and they gave out a weeks rations before, so my wagon was unloaded.

It is getting pretty cold in this country, it froze ice ½ of an inch thick last night.

Willard Carrel and Benjamine Morris are loaded with English.

The last of the immigrants have just arrived this morning. The first arrived on the 26 of August. All the luggage has not come yet.

We expect to start out at 2 P. M. this afternoon, luggage or no luggage, for we are tired of waiting.

What kind of a load I get I can't sayyet, for they are going to load the rest of the train first. I may get freightyyet.The Captain promised me a load of freight if there is enoughleft for me after they put what they can in the passengers wagons.

If I don't get freight I will get passengers, and it is all the same to me.

Our teams are all right at present, but are getting very poor for want of good feed.

We will be home by the last of September if all goes well.

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The year after Fathers return , or in 1869, the crops failed and living conditions were so bad, that he went to cut ties for the Union Pacfic Railroad, which was slowly wending its way westward. Seemed they were to be apart again.

Father and Mother moved from Heber, Utah to a large ranch he bought, nine miles north of Heber, just south and east of the Ontario Drain tunnel. Was known as Rosse's Hollow, then Moultonville, and latter called Elkhorn.

A temporary branch organization of the Latter Day Saint Church was effected in the neighbor hood ,and Father was the presiding Elder.

The beef and milk route contract was secured by Father, from the Ontario Mining Company, at Park City Utah, some five miles from the ranch. Father built a large rock house fifteen rooms. Was two story, and had three large

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basement cellers.

Father built up a prosperous business, employing many young men. In a business way Father was a great influence for good to the surrounding territory, by buying stock of all kinds and hay.

Father helped many men to get their start in life. Father would not keep a man on his ranch who smoked or drank. Fathers And mothers ask him to take their boys, to break them of the bad habit. He did help many, but if they could not quit, they were sent home.

Father was pointed out as the "model man" , of the community, and that his hired help could improve if they would pattern after him in industry, intregrity, honesty, and in living the gospel.

Father and Mother were married seven years , and had no children, which was a great sorrow to both of them. Mother was urged to allow Father to take another wife, as polygamy was being practiced at that time.

Mother being of a very jealous nature, and her great love for Father, and his love and devotion for her, caused her to hesitate and pray earnestly for the Lord to show her if it was right. She was promised that if she would consent, she should have children.

15 Dec 1873

Finaly after much persuasion( not only by Father , but by the authorites of the church), she consented to a second wife. He married Mary Ann Davis, daughter of William Davis, who lived one and a half miles south of their home, she was also a pioneer girl

In the following year both wives gave birth to sons. The second wife having the first. Mother had in all, five children. William Thomas Benton, Orson L. , Sarah Ellen , and Ranch, Bertha Elizabeth.

Aunt Mary Ann also had five children, William Davis, Moroni Davis Thomas Davis, Elizabeth ,and Hyrum

The two families lived in the same house. Therewas one long dining room where they all ate togather.

Father died a young man, only 40 years old. , of typhoid pneumonia, on the 14 day of January., 1883, when I was just three months old. Father had lived a life of activity as an average person sixty -five.

Being only a baby when Father died, I only have the beautiful thoughts that Mother and Aunt Mary Ann, and the pioneers have told me of my Father. They told me that if I expected to meet him in Heaven I would have to live a wonderful life. , as he was that kind of a man.

He was a kind son to his parents, a loving and affectionate husband and father, kind to his brothers and to the widows and poor., and many have received help from him.

Father was buried in Heber City Utah, in the beautiful cemetery he helped to make. It is on a sloping hill east of the city. It is a spot of restfullness and peace with the sun shining over it all day long.

Mother never married again, being a widow for over 49 ( forty nine) years. She always said , she buried all the love she ever had for any man , in the grave with Father.

The song " Ever of Thee I'm Fondly Dreaming", was one

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of Fathers favorite songs which he often sang to Mother, and she requested it to be sung at her fumeral, which was, by her grand-daughter, Nellie Moulton Earl.

Written by - her daughter

Bertha Elizabeth Moulton Bowman.

at

Black-foot Idaho,

March 25- 1942.